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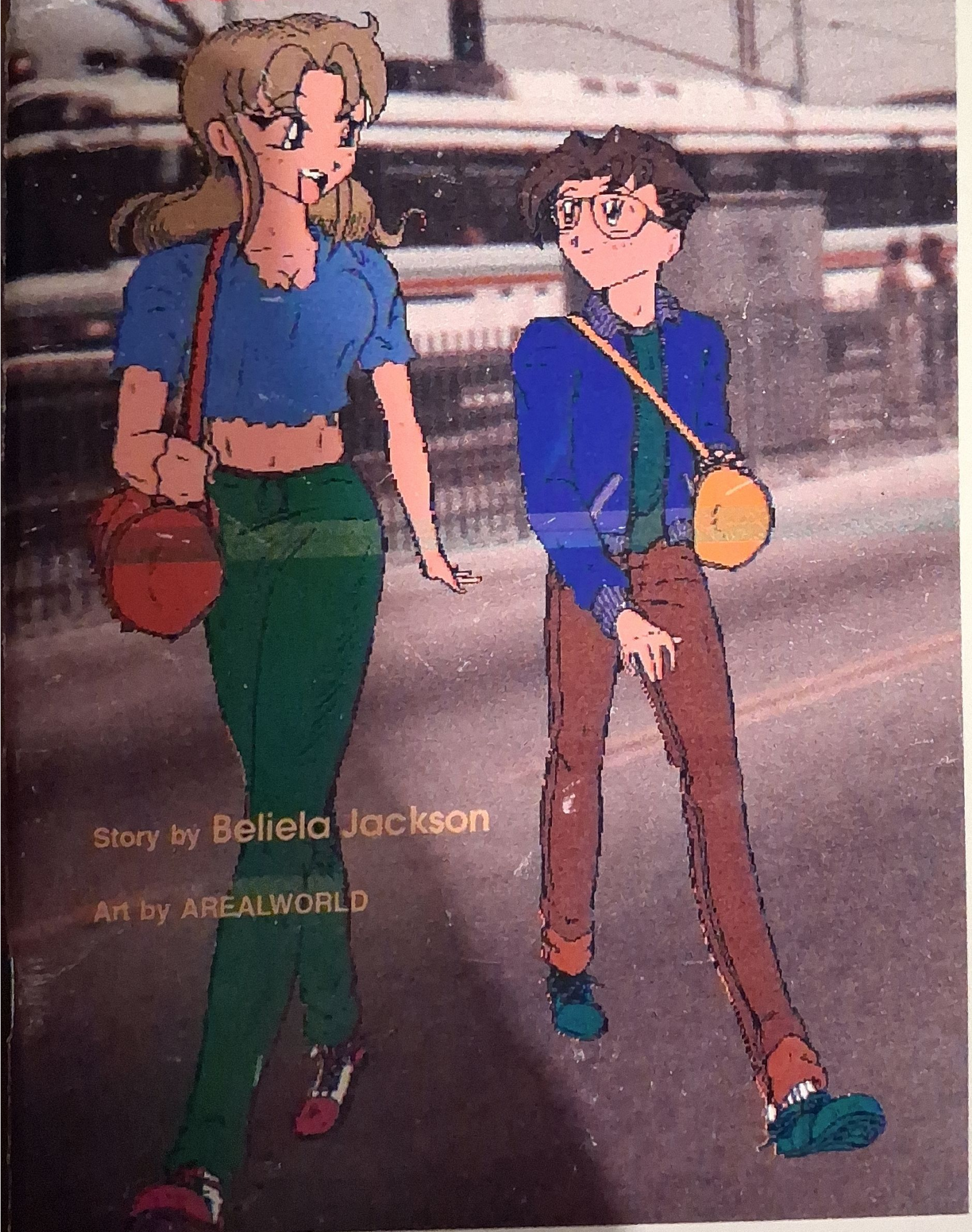
Sugarball Crush

Book One: The Genesis



Story by Beliela Jackson

Art by AREALWORLD

SUGARBALL CRUSH
Book 1: THE GENESIS

Written and Edited by Beliela Jackson

Art and Coloring by AREALWORLD

Choreography by Alazel

Photography by Alex Jackson

Sugarball Crush - Book 1: The Genesis
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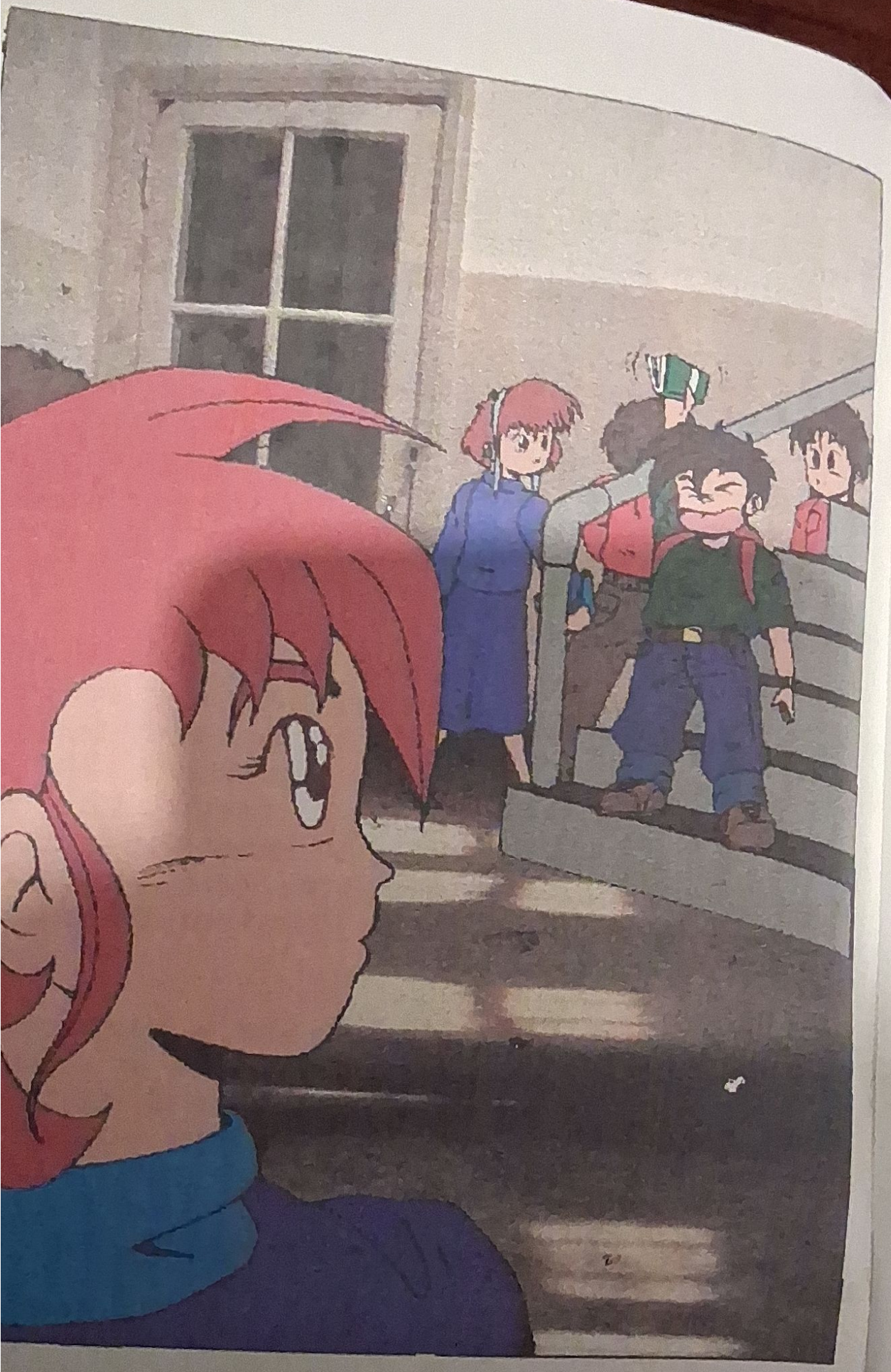
PROLOGUE

Four years earlier, between class periods in a crowded hallway at Enterprise Junior High School... Tim Brown is standing on a stairway and waving his book to get the attention of his fourteen year old friend, Jane Carter. Little Tim is very smart, but he is not popular with the other kids. They often entertain themselves by teasing him about his short stature. Their callous attitude makes him very angry, but his anger only seems to add fuel to the roar of their laughter. There are only a hand full of kids who Tim can call his friends, and Jane is one them.

Jane is very popular among her peers, despite being the smartest kid in school. She receives straight A's on all her subjects, but she also has gotten a few U's for mischievous conduct. She is a perfect example of a very bright kid who consciously fights the system because she feels it is designed to impede her progress. She is not a bad girl. She just wants more freedom to pursue avenues of her own choosing.

Jane enjoys herself most when she is learning. So occasionally, she breaks a few rules in order to learn something new. She is skilled at fixing and customizing almost anything. Her hobby is repairing portable radios, televisions, and compact disk players. She then gives them away to the poorer kids in school. Her charity has made her well liked by the other kids, even those who gang-bang. Gang members have all accepted Jane as one of their own. She is looked upon as a common resource, with special talents they all can use. And use her they do; again, and again, and again.



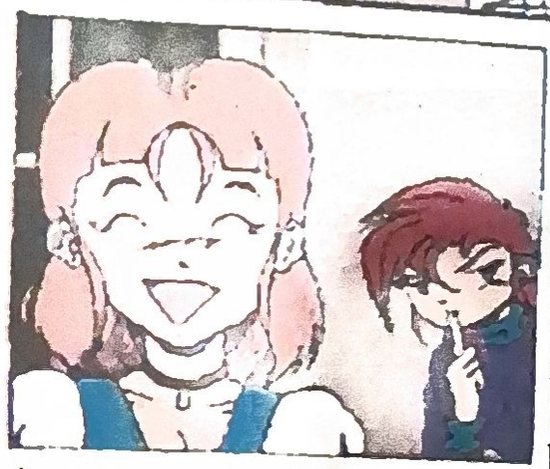
Jane has built many gadgets to appease the demands of young gang leaders at school. Her newest gadget is a high pressure spray gun which shoots special paint that instantly hardens to a metallic finish. She has promised to demonstrate this gadget to a small tagging gang tonight. To make the event more exciting, Jane has invited two of her best friends to accompany her. One of them is Tim and the other is Carol Williams.

Carol is an unusually gifted athlete. At fourteen years old, she has already earned a Black Belt in karate. She is the fifth in a family of seven children, and was encouraged by her older brothers to learn how to defend herself. Jane and her have been close friends since elementary school, but are different in many ways. Jane admires Carol's physical skills and Carol admires Jane's mental skills. Little Tim admires them both because the two girls treat him as their equal.

Tim yells from the stairway, **"Jane, over here! Over here Jane!"**

Jane turns toward the sound of a familiar voice. She sees Tim standing on the stairs across the crowded hallway. She walks toward him with her sincere smile on her face. As she steps toward him, Tim says in a low voice, **"Are you sure you want to use that gun of yours to go tagging tonight? It's dangerous you know."**

Jane answers jokingly, **"What's the matter Tim? Afraid the Bogeyman's gonna get you tonight? Well, just chill out. Nothing's gonna happen."**



Carol walks up to join her two friends huddled in the crowded hallway. Carol had agreed to accompany her two schoolmate friends on their rendezvous because Jane had convinced her it would be harmless fun. Tim nods hello to Carol and continues his plea against the planned adventure for the night.
"But, what if..."

Jane interrupts Tim in the middle of his sentence.
"Hi Carol. Rambo here is starting to chicken out on us. Tell him we would never let anything happen to our main Man. Right?"

Carol flashes a big smile. **"Right! Tim, you're always in good hands with Jane and me. We guarantee that nothing will happen to you while we're hanging out with Jimmy and those two airhead girl friends of his."**

Jane spots a familiar figure approaching.
"Chill out you two. Here comes Jimmy."

Jimmy walks toward his fellow school mates. He strides with a slow swagger, befitting of an up and coming tag team leader. Being in a gang is a sort of status symbol for him. He knows that he commands the respect of most of the other kids in the school. Whether his respect is largely due to fascination or fear does not matter to him. He just acts the part and enjoys his role.

Jane hurriedly greets Jimmy to prevent Tim from asking him any confrontational questions.
"Hi Jimmy."

Jimmy responds in a jovial tone of voice. **"WCTT is where it's at, Baby. You ladies ready to partake in the festivities this evening?"**

Tim perks up to retort to Jimmy's question.
"You talking to me, fella?"

Jimmy's smile suddenly changes to a frown. He stares down at Tim. Both Carol and Jane reacted instantly, like two mother hens. Jane steps in front of Jimmy. Carol steps to the side of Tim, puts her hand on his shoulder, and whispers in his ear.
"You'd better stop Tim. Keep it up and you'll have me fighting for you right here in the hall."

Jane starts talking to Jimmy in an attempt to draw his attention away from Tim.
"Jimmy, are you sure the place we're going tonight is cool? I don't want my friends to be hassled when we test the spray guns. This is their first time tagging. Understand?"

Jimmy flashes his biggest smile to conceal his true feelings about Jane's friends. He likes Jane, but as far as he is concerned, Carol and Tim are a couple of nerds who he is must tolerate until he gets his hands on the paint guns. Till then, he must pretend. **"Sure Baby Jane. Everything is going to be cool. After tonight, you three will officially become part of the WCTT family. And we always take care of family. Just don't forget to bring enough paint guns for everybody. That's what you promised. Right?"**

Jane quickly nods in agreement. **"Right."** She is not the least bit afraid of Jimmy. As a matter of fact she thinks he is kind of cute. She has even dated him a couple of times. Just now, she wanted to avoid a confrontation that would have forced her to take Tim's side against Jimmy. If that had happened, her two friends would have gotten mad and missed all the fun tonight. That would have been too bad, because everyone will have fun, and tomorrow they will be joking about their adventures.

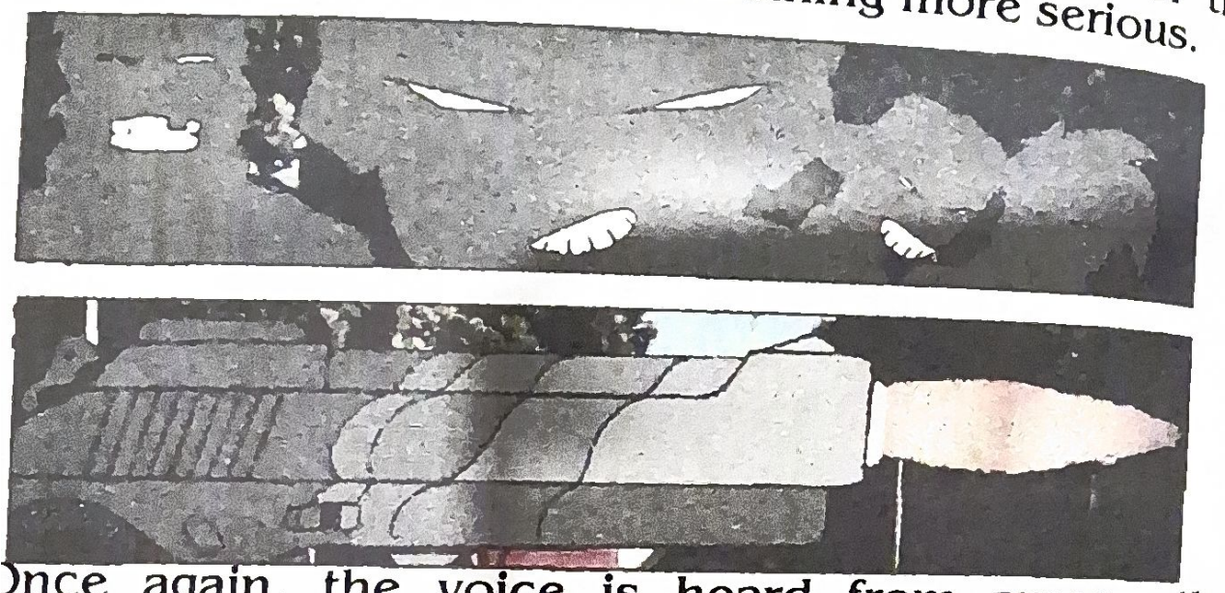
At 11 P.M., six youngsters, clad in green hooded sweat shirts, trod up a hill in the middle of Jesse Owens Park. They are headed toward a little wooden shack sitting on the hill. When they reach the shack, Jimmy turns to talk to the others. Holding Jane's new spray gun in hand, he points toward the shack. **"Is this cool or what?" After we put our tag on this shack, we'll be famous. Look, there ain't a mark on it nowhere. Come on, lets get started.**

Fifteen minutes later, the young taggers are spraying the finishing touches on the four walls of the shack. Jane's pressurized spray guns did everything she said they would do. Bursts of paint were hitting the wooden walls with such force it sounded like sledge hammers. When Jimmy's had emptied his tank, he walked over behind Tim to see what he was doing. Tim was busy painting the head of a panther. **"Not bad Short Stuff. Not bad at all. I didn't think you had it in you to be a good tagger."**

Tim instantly retorted, with fire in his eyes. **"I'm not a Short Stuff, and I'm a lot better than you are."**

Suddenly, a strange boyish voice responds from the darkness behind them.
"So you're better than us, huh? Why don't you show us what makes you better, Friend."

Startled, Jimmy, Tim, Jane, and Carol spin around toward the voice. Wilma and Sandra, the other two WCTT comrades, immediately turn toward Jimmy. He is the only reason they are there. They were always more fascinated with dating him than tagging with him, and had become his devoted followers. The void in their lives had prepared them for the transition from dating to something more serious.



Once again, the voice is heard from among the ominous figures.
You come to our turf, and write your name all over our property. Your problem is you got no respect. What you need is a lesson in respect."

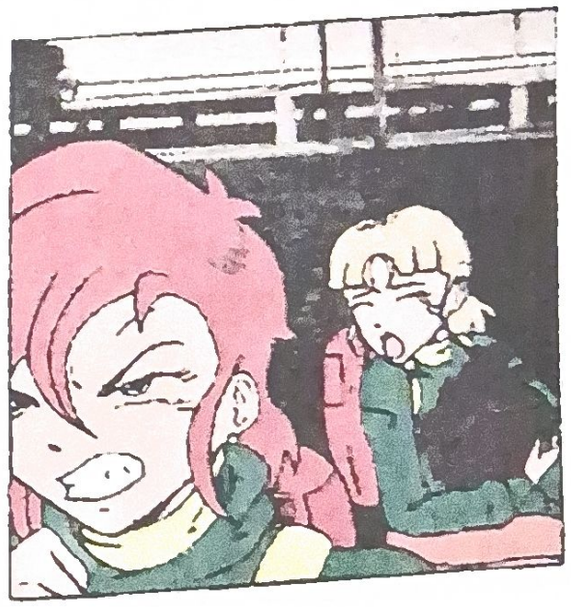
Jimmy, speaks in a meek voice that is barely audible over the night wind.
We didn't mean noth'in Man. We're just testing these new spray guns..."

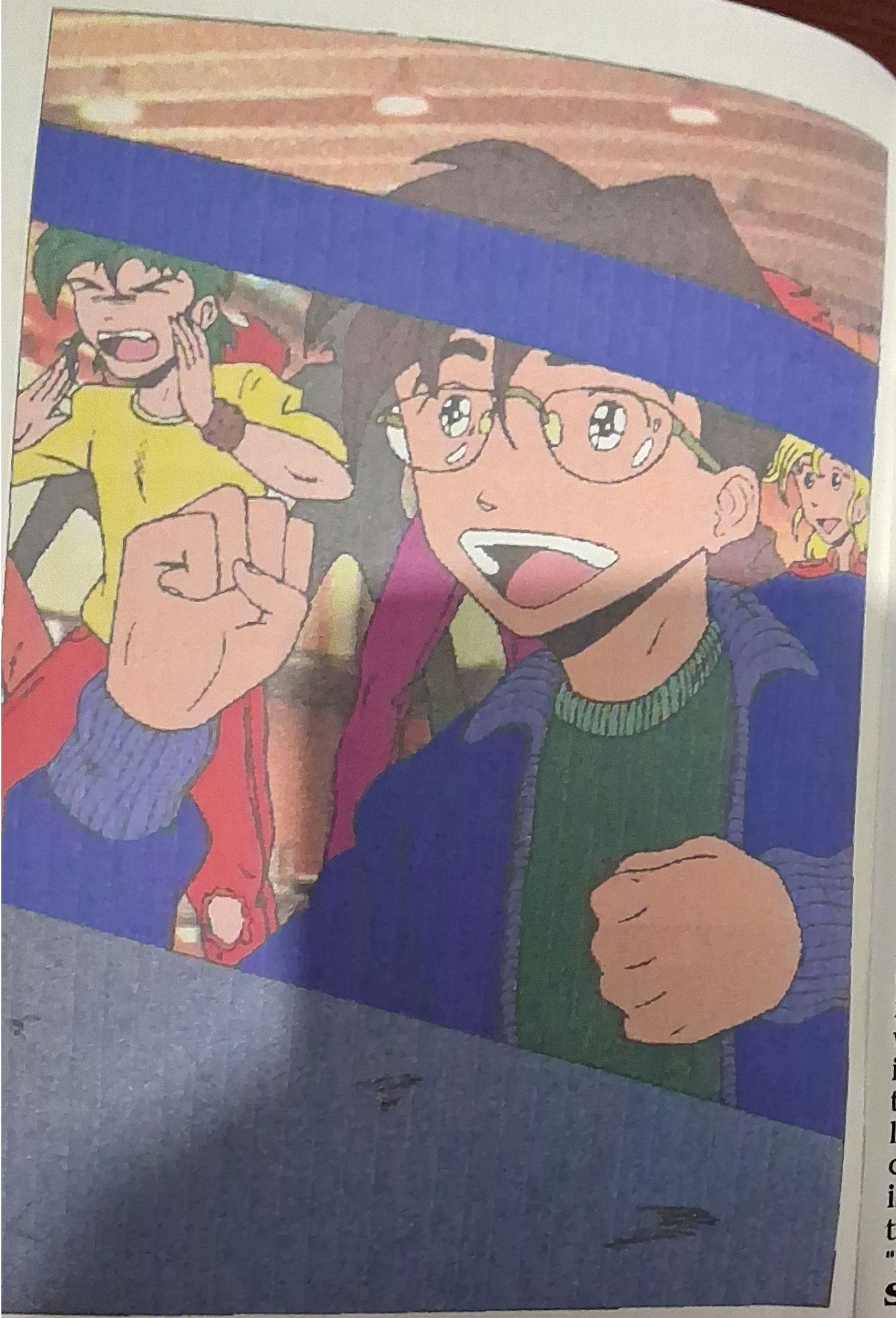
One of the shadowy figures raises his arm, banishing an automatic pistol. A flash is seen and a loud shot rocks the night. **"BAM!"**

Tim falls backward, making a strange sound, like something had knocked the breath out of him.
"UGH."

Jane and Carol were frozen in place by the surrealistically of the scene that transpired before their eyes. It is like watching a movie, which neither of them wants to believe is real. But, it is real. Tim was just shot! As if awaking from a dream, Carol rushes to Tim. She kneels down to lift his head off the grass. When she slides her hands under his back, she feels warm blood gushing from his body. He is limp and his eyes are open and rolled up in a lifeless stare.
"TIM! TIM! OH MY GOD, JANE! HE'S DEAD! WE SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED HIM! WHY? WHY?"

Jimmy, Wilma, and Sandra turn and run down the north side of the hill. The four members of the other gang run down the other side. Jane and Carol are alone on top of the hill with Tim. Carol weeps and Jane turns her back to avoid looking at Tim's face. Her mind is swelling with hatred to counteract the emotional rush of guilt. She softly makes a vow.





CHAPTER 1

It is a warm afternoon, on September, 18, 1995. In a small, crowded recreational gym somewhere in Compton, California, an illegal full-contact kick boxing match is underway. The fierce action is fueled by the loud frenzy of the young crowd. Two of the best female martial artist are battling for the title of city champion. One of these females is 18 year old Carol Williams, who has the nickname of "Lighting Hands" among her fans. Her opponent is "Too Tall" Sally Norris, another living legend in the underground kick boxing circuit. There are over 100 people, crowded around the ring, screaming and yelling for more blood letting. Only one among them was concerned with Carol's safety. His name is Allen Robinson, and he wants Carol to win quickly, so that she doesn't get hurt. Allen is Carol's biggest fan, and has admired her for several months. He has always taken a seat in the front row at each of her fights. He is fascinated by this attractive young girl who can inflict pain so gracefully. However, she doesn't even know he exists.

Allen is rooting hard for Carol to come away from this fight uninjured. Tonight is when he vowed to finally introduce himself to her. However, all that will have to wait until after the fight. Right now, all is not going well in the ring for Carol. She is having the fight of her life, and loosing it. "Too Tall" Sally's long reach, and weight advantage, is wearing Carol down. She is getting hit in the face often, and she is not use to that. For the first time, Allen is starting to worry that Carol is going to be seriously hurt.

"Move Carol! Bob and weave! Don't let Too Tall Sting You! Com'on, watch out for her feet!

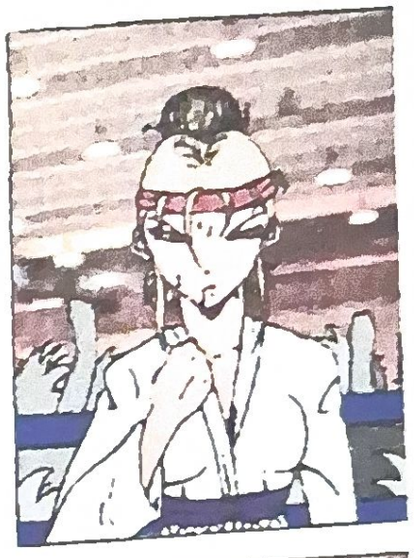
Sally fired a front kick to put Carol in dreamland, but she missed. Sally then stepped inside and caught Carol flush on the jaw with a straight right elbow. The blow sent Carol flying backward and she hit the canvas, landing on her back with a jarring thud.

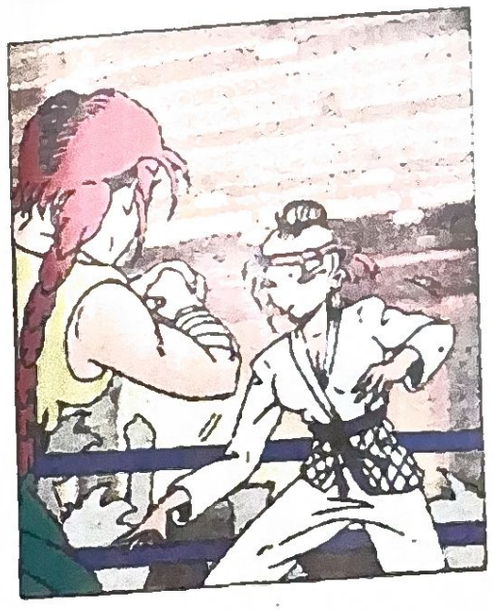
Laying on the canvas on one elbow, with blood running from her mouth, Carol glares up at Sally, who is bobbing up and down while the referee continued the countdown. Time had stopped for Carol. Her thoughts were focusing on the pain in her jaw and on the person who caused that pain.

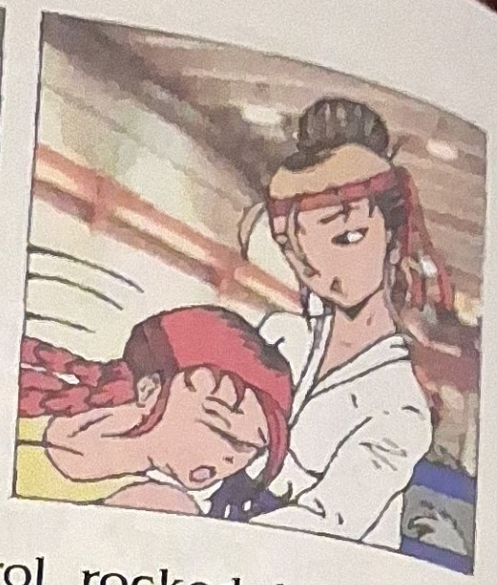
Carol had learned early in her fighting career how to use her mind to overcome pain. She rubbed her hand over her mouth and the pain started to slowly subsided.

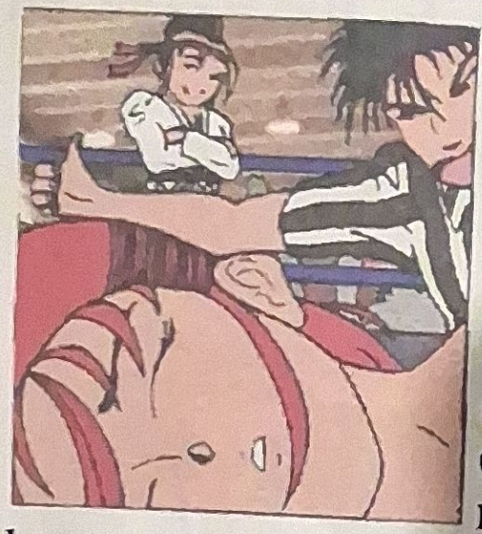
Carol has been fighting in the underground kick boxing circuit since she was 15. Full contact fighting is illegal, but the heat of combat seems to be the only way to temporarily escape ghosts from the past. Carol's invalid mother is under the impression that her daughter is taking karate lessons. She never suspected that her soft spoken little girl is reputed to be a knockout artist. Carol is good, but so was Sally. Now the pain is gone. As Carol stands up, she can hear the referee counting. "**7,8... You okay? What day is it? Ready to fight?**"

"**It's Monday and I'm ready.**" Carol answered in a calm low voice. Sally moved in for the kill. She stood over six feet tall and had the grace of a ballet dancer. Her arms are longer than Carol's legs, so Carol knew it was a waste of time to try keeping her off with a kick. Sally lunged forward with a right hand aimed chest high.









As Carol rocked her body to the right, she could feel the wind from Sally's right hand as it flew by her head. Less than two feet away was Sally's cocked left hand, but Carol was also on the inside now. Quicker than a blink of an eye, Carol unleashes a volley of rapid fire punches to Sally's chest and head. As she punches, Carol gives out a loud, long yell to amplify her power.
"**WHAAAAAAAAAAA...!**"

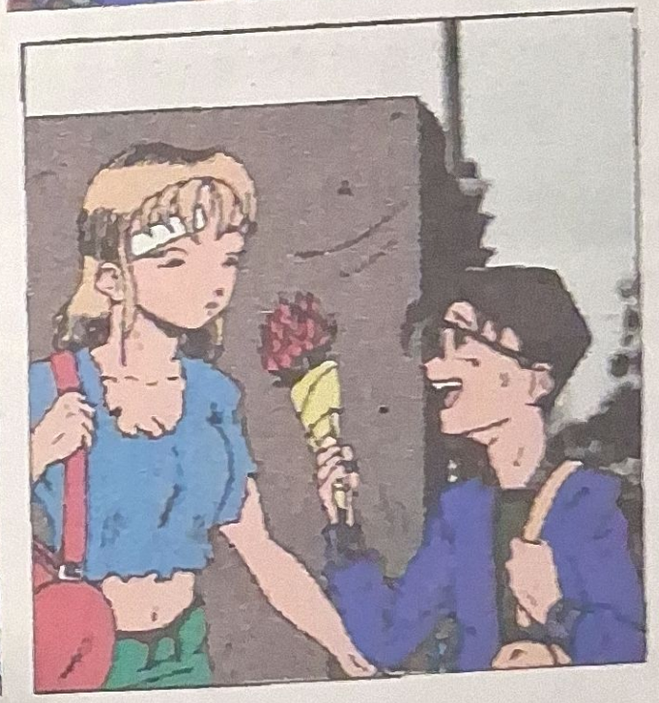
Carol's flurry of punches lasts for five seconds. When she stops, Sally slumps forward, knocked out cold on her feet. Carol catches her in mid fall, and lays her gently on the canvas.
"**Sorry 'bout that. Hope you have sweet dreams.**"

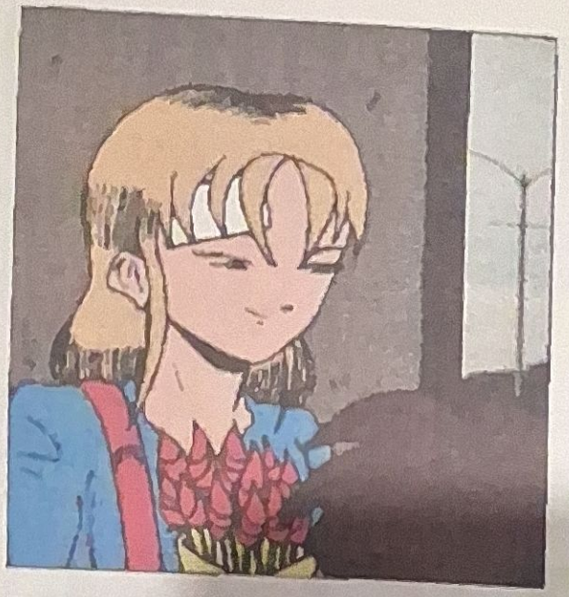
Carol backs up, and watches the referee count Sally out.
"**7, 8, 9, 10" You'll out!**"

The unruly crowd rushes into the ring to congratulate the new female kick boxing champion.

Allen does not join the rest of the crowd in celebration. He turns and pushes his way toward the exit. Clutching his gym bag, he wonders whether today will be the day when he gathers enough courage to introduce himself to Carol. He is deep in thought, mentally rehearsing what he will say to her.
"**Maybe she'll like these roses I got for her. All girls like roses. But, she is not an ordinary girl. She might think that I'm a nerd or something.**

Allen waits. For over an hour after the rest of the crowd leaves, he stands by the main entrance of the gym... waiting. He is beginning to think Carol left by a different exit, when the door opens and there she stands.





At first Carol was startled by this small young man standing by the door. But, then her eyes caught sight of the roses and his smile, and she relaxed.

Allen handed the roses to Carol and nervously introduced himself.
"Miss... Williams, Hi. My name is... Allen. Please accept these flowers for your victory. I've seen all your fights this year. You're the best. May I walk you to your car?"

Carol looked down at Allen and saw a likeness with her departed friend Tim. He looked so helpless. She instinctively patted him on top of the head.
"Sure, you can walk with me... but I have no car."

As they walked together, Allen did not know what to say to her. For months, he had planned every word for when this moment came. Yet now, he could not remember a thing. He was scared and clutching his gym bag like it was a security blanket. He tried to think of something clever to say, but only one thought to mind.
"WOW! SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Carol was doing all of the talking. It had been longer than she cared to remember when she felt comfortable talking to anyone.
"Rather than you walk me home, how 'bout I walk you to the train stop? Alright? So you've been watching me fight huh? Did you know that the real money is in overseas matches? By the way what did you say your..."

Carol stopped in mid sentence. She saw four costumed figures tagging a store about half a block ahead. She paused, then started walking toward them. Allen reached for her arm to stop her.

Allen grabs Carol's forearm, and she turns and gives him a cold stare. Her expression frightens and confuses him, but Allen is convinced that she is not fully cognizant of the danger that lies ahead.
"Carol, don't go over there! That looks like the West Compton Tag Team! I heard even the police are scared to mess with them! They're real killers! They turn people into statues, then leave them on the street for everybody to see! Nobody knows who they are!"

Carol speaks to Allen in a cool, controlled manner.
"Wait here and watch my bag. I'll be back in a minute."

Carol turns and walks towards the taggers. As she approaches them, they do not stop spraying the front of the store. The spay is an icy blue color. When it touches a solid surface, it hardens as quickly as molten steal dropped into a vat of cold water. The four taggers are dressed in loose fitting, green khaki garb. Their identities are concealed by hoods and scarves that covers their faces except around the eyes. Carol walks up to within an arm length of the one standing nearest to her, and she speaks. **"Hello Jane."**

The four taggers stop spraying the store front, and turn and face Carol. One of them takes off their hood. It is Jane. She holds her spray gun high, near her cheek, with the barrel pointed toward the sky. She stares at Carol solemnly for several seconds, and catches sight of a small figure in the distance behind Carol. Jane smiles.
"Hello Carol. Long time no see. Whose your shy boy friend. I see you still like them pint size."

Carol does not smile at Jane's joke. She looks directly into her eyes, searching for some glimpse of the long time friend she once knew.

"Looks like the valedictorian of Centennial High's class of '94 is making a big mark on the world. The only problem is... it's an ugly mark."

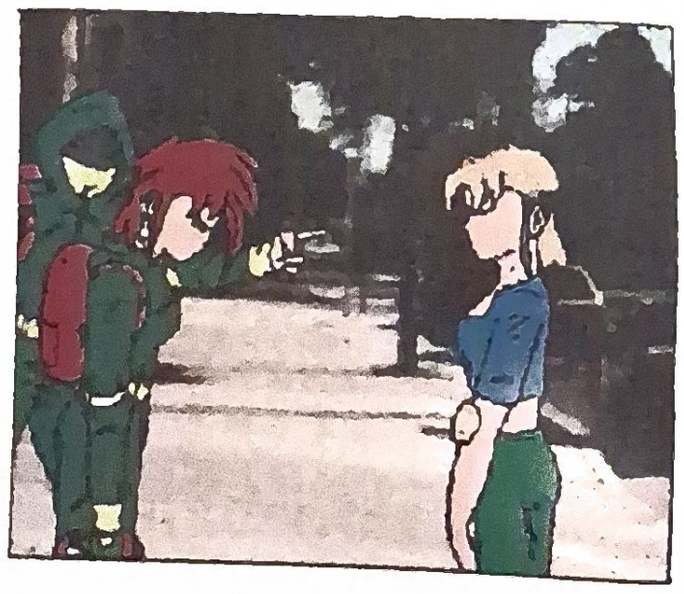
Jane's smile quickly turns to a frown. She snaps at Carol in a vindictive tone of voice.
"Who are you to talk. Me and the WCTT are famous... and look at you. Getting your brains knocked out in those smelly gyms... and for what? Have you made any money? I don't think so. Sometimes we take in $1,000 a day."

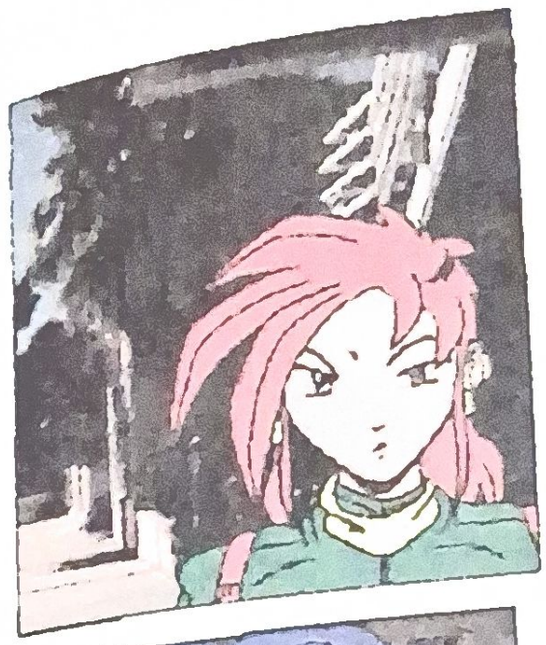
Carol's stern express turns into one of sadness. She answers Jane in a low, sympathetic manner.

"Jane, I know why you are doing all this. It's to avenge Tim isn't it? But, killing gangbangers won't bring Tim back. Neither will helping these goons terrorizing and exploit businesses in your own neighborhood. Why don't use the brains God gave and do some good? If you walked away right now, these morons would fall flat on their faces. They are nothing without you. Come on Jane, you've done enough destruction. How about you call it quits today. You and I can walk to my house, and talk about the fun things we use to do. How about it?"

Jane dropped her head. She said nothing. But Carol was encouraged, because she could tell that her friend was thinking over what she had just told her. There was a chance, just maybe... Then, one of the taggers stepped up next to Jane's side, and pointed at Carol. The voice behind the mask was that of a male.

"You heard her call us morons? You'll not going to let her get away with that are you? It'll be bad for our rep if this gets around."





Jane placed her hand on the forearm of her masked comrade, in a jester that signaled he is to exercise self restraint.

"I'll handle this. Listen Carol, you just don't understand the situation I promised myself that would whack every gang leader in LA for what happened to Tim.. and I did. But now, WCTT has become big business. We're not playing around like kids any more. We're big making money."

Carol's temper flares up. She points at Jane.

"You call terrorism and sealing up people' stores some kind of legitimate business?"

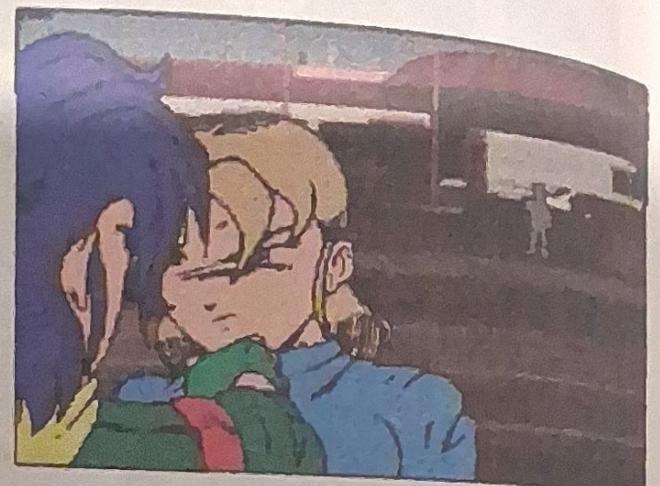
Just then, the hooded tagger who spoke befor pulls his scarf down from his face. It is Jimm He shouts angrily at Jane.

"I've had enough of this do-gooder! If yo don't shut her now, then I will!"

Jimmy points his finger at Carol and shakes it threatenly.
"I'm sick and tire of you, girl. You hung out with us when we were kids, but you ain't one of us any more. We're big business now. Do you understand? Big time. You don't mess with us."

Then he steps up to Carol and grabs her by the collar with one hand.
"Did you tell anybody who we are? How about your little friend over there? If you told him anything, we'll kill both of you and ..."

Before he could finish, Carol punched Jimmy in the jaw and the stomach. He dropped to his knees, moaned and spit out blood. Carol smiled and patted him on the head.
"Good boy. Now sit"



Just as Jimmy collapses face down on the sidewalk, the other two hooded taggers circle behind Carol. They aim their spray guns at her back, then simultaneously open fire with two streams of an ice blue liquid. Instinctively, Carol covers her eyes, but her body is completely covered with a coating of rock hard material in a matter of seconds. She never had a chance to make a sound.

Jane is completely surprised by what is happening. She jesters for her two comrades to stop, but they don't. They continue spraying layer after layer over the featureless form that was Carol just moments before. Then they stop spraying.

Allen watches in horror at what is happening to Carol. He thinks about rushing to her aid, but fear overcomes him. Frightening thoughts about dying consumes him. He turns and runs frantically away from the taggers. First, he races around a corner. Then he runs between two buildings. Exhausted, he ducks behind a dumpster in an alley. His heart feels as if it is beating in his throat. He tries to slow down his breathing, but he cannot.

Jimmy was delighted to see Carol encased in a rock hard, ice-blue colored cocoon He walked up to her motionless, odd looking form, and pinged it with his finger. The covering was air tight, and he knew that with no air, she was as good as dead. He looked at Jane's face and noticed she had a solemn expression. He was about to make a derogatory remark, when he remembered the little guy who he saw standing in the distance behind Carol. Jimmy spun around to see if that fellow was still there, but he was gone.

"Looks like her boy friend turned and ran. Good thing for him or we'd had to do him too. Anyway, he was too far away to make us out."

Jimmy and his two masked comrades start walking toward their van. However, Jane stands in front of Carol's encapsulated form with her head slumped. Jimmy is irritated by the way Jane is acting, but he is also afraid of her. He turns around to call her, in hopes of getting her to leave.

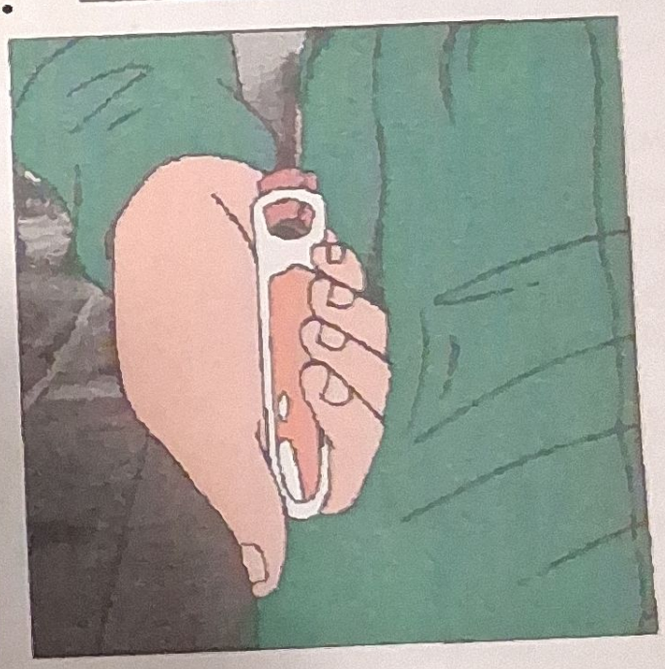
"Come on Jane. Let's go before the cops show."

Jane answers without turning around.

"All right, I'll be there in a minute."

She looks out of the corner of her eyes to make sure that the gang is not watching her. Reaching into her pocket, she pulls out a small glass vile containing an orange substance. She is afraid because she knows Carol does not have any air left to breath.

"I think less than three minutes have passed."



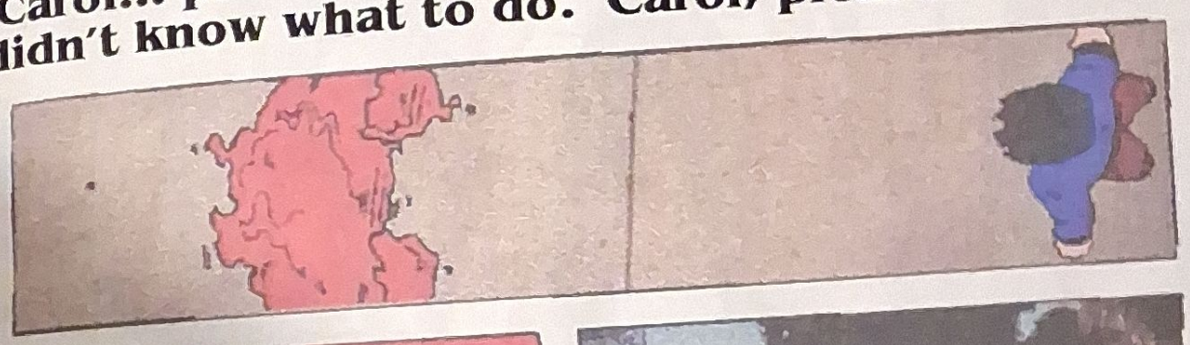
Jane knew when she first created paint that instantly dries to a rock hard finish that she would one day need something to dissolve it. She had tested this dissolving solution on inanimate objects that had been sprayed with the paint, but never on a person who was encapsulated in it.

Jane takes the vile in her hand and slams it at the foot of the form. The form seems to catch fire. In less than 10 seconds, the entire form appears to be engulfed in this strange chemical flame. Jane turns around and runs toward the gang's parked van.

While thinking about Carol's plight, Allen's own fears subsided. He stood up from his crouched position behind the dumpster and nervously walked toward the front of the building. He decided to maneuver around the alleys to see what was happening.

Allen peeks from around the corner of a building and sees Jane running away from what looks like a burning bush. Upon looking more carefully a second time, he is surprised and frightened by the sight of a column of flame. He waits until Jane is out of sight, then he walks toward the flaming form. As he nears the it, he can feel the warmth radiating from the chemical fire. He looks hard, but he can not see if Carol is inside the flames.
"Carol! Carol! Can you you hear me?"

A moment later, Carol falls unconscious out of the flame, which is rapidly growing smaller. As she lands on the pavement, the column of flame is no larger than a small bush, and still shrinking. Allen rushes forward and lifts her off the pavement. She feels heavy and solid like a well conditioned altlete.
"Carol... please wake up! I'm sorry I ran away. I didn't know what to do. Carol, please..."



CHAPTER 2

Allen is riding in the cab with the driver as the ambulance speeds to the hospital. He had pleaded with this fellow to allow him to ride with Carol, but was told that regulations forbade passengers in the rear. Even when he lied and said Carol was his wife, the paramedic still refused to let him sit with her. So now, Allen and the driver say nothing to each other, as they ride together, for what seems to be a long time. Then the ambulance turns into the King General Hospital complex, and the wail of the siren stops simultaneously with the vehicle. The driver turns toward Allen to talk to him.

"We're arrived at the hospital, Sir. You can sign your wife in at the desk just inside the lobby".

Allen leaps from the cab, and paces nervously while the paramedics carry Carol out the back of the ambulance. They attach an intravenous bottle to her arm. She appears lifeless. Allen's fear grows and his stomach starts hurting. The paramedics push the stretcher through automatic doors and down the corridor. Allen trots alongside, holding Carol's hand. He nudges her gently on the shoulder and leans over to talk to her.

"Carol... Carol... Wake up... I'm sorry I ran away. I'll make it up to you. Just open your eyes. Please try to open your eyes."

Allen is indifferent to the crowd of sick and injured people milling around the waiting room. He follows the paramedics as they roll Carol to the entrance of closed double doors. One of them wave him back as the doors open. They then roll Carol inside, and the doors shut behind them.

Allen didn't know what to do next. Should he try to register Carol as his wife? What if they ask for identification or proof of insurance? What will they do when they find out he is lying? Allen decides he doesn't care as long as he gets 24-hour visitation rights. He spots two men who look like policemen coming his way. Now he can report the assault on Carol. Allen tells himself that reporting the incident to police will make up for not helping Carol when she was attacked.

"Excuse me Sir. I wish to report an assault."

The two uniformed men stared at Allen for a long moment, then one of them pointed to a row of chairs against the wall.

"Look, we are just hospital security guards. Sit down over there and I'll call in to have a city policemen come take a deposition from you."

Allen sat in a chair, for what seemed like hours.

Allen was slumped in his chair, holding his head. Then an elderly looking policeman walks up to him. The officer is holding a clipboard and looking down his nose at Allen. He starts asking questions.

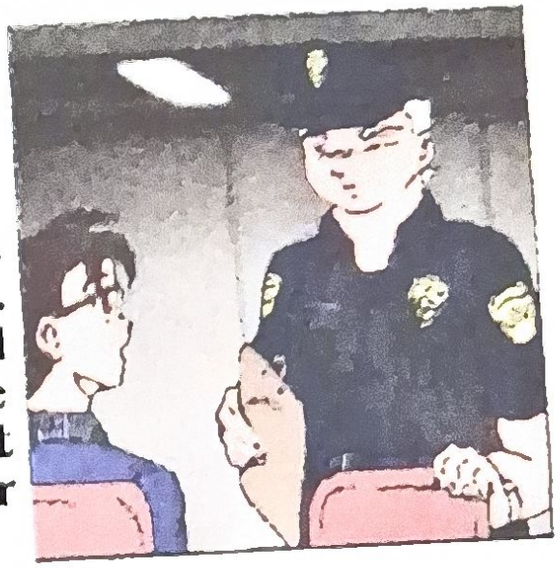
"Are you the one who witnessed an assault?"

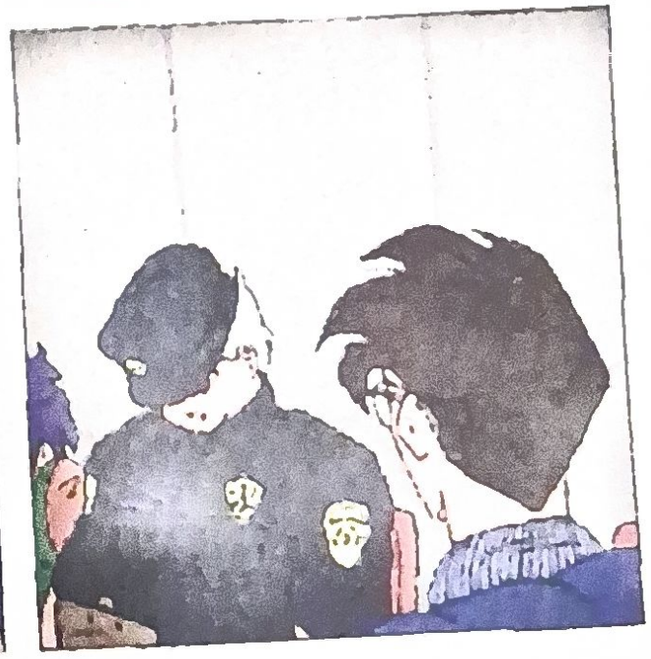
Allen perked up immediately. It's about time.

"Yes Sir. My... girlfriend was assaulted this afternoon by some hoodlums in the WCTT gang. She was sprayed with some kind of quick drying paint and she's now in E.R. I saw..."

The officer waved his hand for Allen to stop talking. Then he sat down.

"Now slow down, Boy. Let's start off with... Who are you, and where do you live? Are you in a gang, and what were you and your girlfriend doing there?"





At first Allen is intimidated by the officer's questions. Then realizes that this man is treating him like he was the criminal. Allen becomes furious.

"Is this the way you act every time someone reports a crime to you? You didn't ask me a single question about those punks who almost killed my girlfriend. Don't you even care?"

The officer stands up and grabs Allen by the collar.

"You watch your mouth, Boy. You and your girlfriend shouldn't have been hanging around Compton in the first place. Just be thankful that you're not laying in a bed next to her. I know you're upset, so I'm gonna be easy on you. But, you'd better get control of yourself, or else I'll be arresting you. Understand, Boy?

Then the officer turned and walked down the hall.

Allen started to think real hard about everything that transpired during the past few hours.

"Carol's attending doctor told me earlier that she would probably end up in a coma. That old cop refuses to do anything about the attack. I tried to pray but it didn't do any good. Looks like there's nothing in heaven or Earth that can help. Wait a minute. There's that eccentric instructor, Mr. Dorshay, who teaches part-time at my college. He's always talking about weird theories. Maybe he knows something. Maybe..."

As Allen heads to the exit, a male nurse calls to him.

"Mr. Smith, I'm afraid there's no change in..."

Allen, doesn't even slow his stride to the exit.

"Save your bad news for somebody else."

Once outside the hospital, Allen reaches into his back pocket to take out his wallet. He wants to make certain that the little black address book was where he usually keeps it. It was. Flipping through the book, there are lot of blank pages, because he has very few friends... but there are some names and addresses of important people. These are people who Allen admires, and whose successes he aspires to one day emulate. They have devoted their entire professional career to solving the secrets of nature and the problems of society. These are not popular people. Their names and deeds are essentially unknown, except among their peers who remain cognizant of those who have made major contributions to the field of space and launch vehicle engineering.

Ever since he was a little boy, Allen wanted to learn how to design a single stage, combined space and launch vehicle. As he grew to adolescence, he read everything he could find about space vehicle operation, and he sought to converse with anyone involved in the construction of these modern day wonders. He envisioned one day watching his own handiwork souring into the sky, on its way to some distant body in outer space. It was that vision that kept him going. Though the endless days of ridicule and harassment from unimaginative individuals who only understood easy pleasures, he kept going. Through the tired nights and lonely days, he kept going. His parents did not encourage him, his teachers did not help him, his schoolmates did not like him, but Allen kept teaching himself. He got a little smarter everyday. It was hard, but something inside of him kept pushing, kept questioning, kept planning.

Everything was going according to plan for Allen... till now. He completed high school with grades and SAT scores high enough to get him into any college in California. He was the only one in his high school graduating class to be accepted by UCLA. He even received a full scholarship. His freshman year was a big success, because he was able to finished with a G.P.A. better than 3.5.

Last summer, the electronic laboratory instructor, Mr. Dorshay, helped Allen secure a temporary job at an Aero-Space company. Through his part-time position with the company, Mr. Dorshay was able to get Allen hired on as a research assistant. As his student, Allen respected Mr. Dorshay's knowledge about electronics, but as his aide, Allen soon learned to appreciate Mr. Dorshay's skill in biological engineering. Over the summer, they found they had a lot in common, such as chess and fascination with eccentric theories. When classes started in the fall, Mr. Dorshay told Allen to feel free to call him for advice if he ever had any personal problems.

Allen's sophomore year was going great too. Then one day, a male acquaintance named Joe talked about a full-contact karate match he saw. Joe said that fight was the most exiting thing he had ever seen, and he was going to go watch another one, even though they are illegal. Allen's curiosity got the best of him, and he went along with Joe to see what full-contact karate was like. By chance, the match featured Carol pitted against a woman twice her weight. As Allen watched Carol move gracefully around the ring, he fell in love with her. That night, she won the fight and Allen's heart too.

As Allen walks up the stairs to Mr. Dorshay's front door, he ponders how to best ask the old man for help. He recalls Mr. Dorshay has a reputation for talking too much. Allen figures the best thing for him to do is to simply keep smiling and let the professor do all the talking. He takes a deep breath, smiles, and knocks on the door.

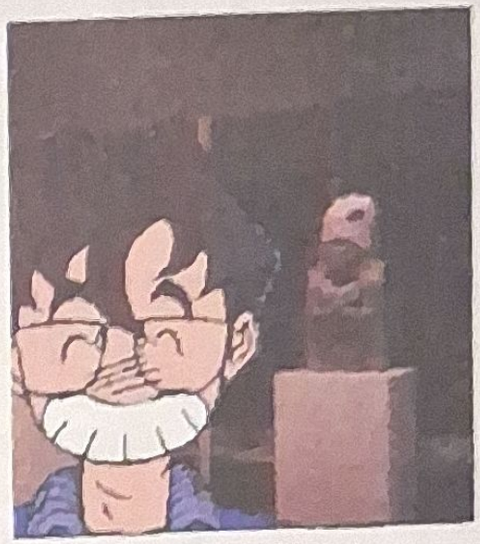
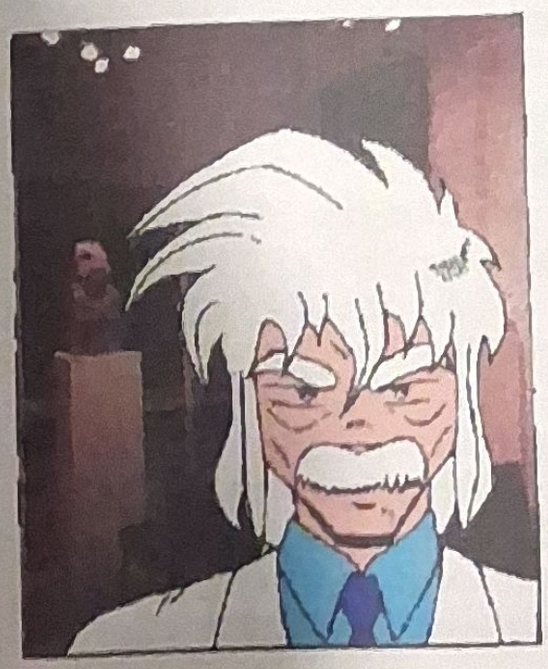
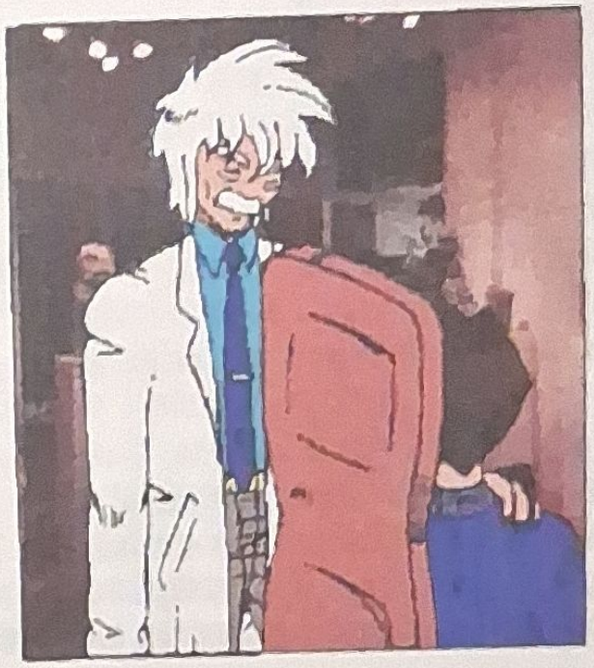
A moment later, the front door opens and standing there, staring him in the face, is a white-haired old man with a solemn expression. Mr. Dorshay does not say a word. Allen speaks while forcing a big smile on his face.

"Hello Mr. Dorshay. It's me, Allen Robinson. I thought it would be okay if I came by to ask your advice on a biology project."

"Come in." That was all Mr. Dorshay said. He turned and walked into his den and sat down. Allen followed behind and sat in a chair facing him.

As he looks around the room, Allen is astonished by the many ancient artifacts. The rooms decor is very impressive. Allen forces himself to concentrated on the reason he came to see Mr. Dorshay. He thinks about Carol laying unconscious in the hospital. Then he begins his act.

"Mr. Dorshay, I am working on a biology experiment to revive mice from a coma. The mice were electrocuted unconscious. The problem is I can not revive them. Do you have any suggestions?"

Mr. Dorshay stares at Allen for a long moment. He then stands up, walks over to Allen, and places his hand on Allen's shoulder.

"Sounds like a peculiar experiment. Reviving a pers... uh... mouse from a coma is not easy. But, I think I can help. Come. Let's go to my workroom."